

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO. JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor. 152 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June 17th, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies sent always to the office of publication and at the various newsrooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALIBON LODGE No. 50, N. E. O. P. John Allen, Warden; James H. Goodhard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month. THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, James McLeish, President; Alex. McCallan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings in each month. REMOND LODGE No. 11, K. of P. Albert C. Chubb, Warden; Charles H. P. P. Knight, Secretary; meets 1st Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Brilliant Hebrew Wedding.

Touro Synagogue was the scene of a brilliant wedding at noon on Thursday, when Miss Lillie Lewishohn was united in marriage to Mr. Albert Lewishohn, all the parties being residents of New York. For several days preparations for the event had been under way. Mr. Eugene Schreier having charge of the arrangements as president of the congregation. The families of the bride and groom, who are relatives, are wealthy residents of New York and have never been identified with Newport, but chose this city for the performance of the ceremony because of its ancient and honored synagogue. About fifty guests who were to be present at the ceremony came from New York via the Wickford line in a special car. In the evening they were entertained at dinner, an elaborate function. The satin menus were paintings of different Newport scenes. The Touro Synagogue was elaborately decorated with flowers and plants, the scene being handsome in the extreme. Few guests were invited, the wedding being practically of a private nature. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry S. Morals, rabbi of the synagogue, assisted by Rev. Stephen S. Weiss, D. D., of New York. The wedding party stood beneath a silk canopy while the ceremony was performed according to the ritual of the Jewish church. The bride, Miss Lillie Lewishohn, was escorted by her father, Mr. Leonard Lewishohn, and was attended by her three sisters, the Misses Florine, Alice and Irene Lewishohn, and the groom, Mr. Albert Lewishohn, son of Samuel Lewishohn, was attended by Mr. John Lewishohn. The bride wore a gown of white point applique lace, with long white veil with orange blossoms and small ornaments, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, while the bridesmaids wore pale blue gowns and carried bouquets of bridesmaid roses tied with long white ribbons. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served and a reception held at "Jill Top", which was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

Worcester Mfg. Co.'s Purchase

The parties who lately bought the Portsmouth grove property of Benjamin Hall, have since bought another tract of about five acres of the same party, and a tract of some forty acres adjoining on the north of Benj. Anthony. They have in all now nearly 200 acres of land, enough to erect most any kind of an establishment on and still have land to spare. It is understood that they will proceed at once to erect a wharf and so be prepared to bring all their building material for the new enterprise by water. An attachment was on Wednesday placed on one of the large steel beams which have arrived here for use in the construction of the naval apprentices' barracks at Coasters Harbor Island, but the attachment was later released when it was found that a bank claimed the ownership. Steel & Rose caused the placing of the attachment on the ground of not having received payment for work done for Contractor Churchill.

A Pleasing Entertainment.

An entertainment given by Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, at Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening, at the close of the business session, proved to be one of the most enjoyable ever given in the history of the lodge. The first part of the programme consisted of a "Mother Goose" drill, which was participated in by the children of the members, dressed in fancy and appropriate costumes. Those who took part deserve great credit for the satisfactory manner in which they performed their parts. Miss Lizzie Kaul was the accompanist for this part of the programme and the participants were the Misses Lizzie Underwood, Howen Twigg, Phoebe Young, Bertha Young, Gladys Kaul, Grace Taylor, Orpha Starratt, Sadie St. Clair, Edith Stevens, Lottie Gidlin, Edith Griffith and Masters Harold Starratt, Harry Kaul, Ross Bishop, Comstock Emerson, Edmund Boone and Raymond Stevens. Banjo, piano and violin selections by the Misses Young, Griffith, St. Clair and Mrs. William Foster were rendered very delightfully. Recitations by the Misses Starratt, Stevens, Thompson, Brown and Masters Starratt and Emerson, and also a reading by Miss Charlotte Wilbar were heartily applauded. Mention is also due to the little Susan People who recited her "Good Night" piece in a very pleasing manner. At the conclusion a stereopticon exhibition was given by Mr. Thomas Twigg, and was thoroughly appreciated by all present.

This entertainment was in charge of the social committee of the lodge and much credit is due them for its success. A collation was served at the close of this meeting.

There was an alarm of the from Box 4 Monday evening which called the department to the barn on Chapel street, occupied by a colored expressman named Horace Riley. The department responded promptly and the contents of the stable except a small amount of grain were saved. The damage to the building, which is owned by Mrs. P. H. Steadman, was slight and is fully covered by insurance.

The wedding of Miss Mary Carter Whipple, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Whipple, to Mr. Clarence Henry Wrightington, took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Whipple on Greenough Place, Thursday evening, in the presence of immediate friends only. Rev. C. G. Gilbert, D. D., performed the ceremony.

Mr. James E. M. Coffin died suddenly at the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. M. Creighton, on Kay street, yesterday morning. He had been in the habit of spending much of his time in this city where he was well known. His death was entirely unexpected.

Representative Henry C. Anthony is about to erect half a dozen new houses on his late purchase, the Buffum farm, near the Island Park in behalf of Fall River parties. Mr. Anthony is already the owner of a large number of houses in Portsmouth and vicinity.

The sale of horses belonging to the estate of the late Charles F. Bates was held in New York this week and there was a large crowd of buyers in attendance. Some of the horses brought good prices.

A horse belonging to Mr. Philip Peckham of Middletown was caught in quicksands on the Second Beach recently, and only the prompt action of Mr. Peckham and men near by prevented the loss of the animal.

Representatives of Taylor, Carr & Andrews, contractors for the granolithic sidewalks, have been in town this week looking over the ground preparatory to resuming operations as soon as the weather will permit.

Mr. Archie W. Sleeper, who was to enjoy a week's vacation with friends in other cities, has been confined to his home by an attack of the gripe.

One of the twins of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Clarke, Jr., died at Jamestown on Wednesday and was buried in this city on Thursday.

Messrs. Swinburne, Peckham & Co. advertise a fine lot of shaved cedar shingles, the best in the world for good roofing.

Mr. Grafton C. Latham, in the employ of W. H. Easton & Co., has been enjoying a week's vacation.

Mrs. Barker, wife of W. Harrison Barker, has been very ill with the gripe, at her residence on Third street.

The Last Place to Burn.

The celebrated Coal Mines property in Portsmouth, it is reported, has again changed ownership, and another party is going to make something out of it. Many have tried, but to the best of our knowledge and belief no one has yet succeeded. This remains as of the oft-repeated quotation of some noted scientist on being shown many years ago a sample of the coal from this now celebrated Rhode Island mine. He is said to have replied when asked about its combustible properties, that "when the final conflagration came, he should move to Rhode Island and settle over that coal mine as that would be the last place that would burn."

Lecture at Calvert School.

Mr. John C. Packard of the Brookline Educational Society delivered an interesting lecture under the auspices of the Teachers' Association at the Calvert School Thursday evening, taking for his subject "The Home and the School." There was a fair sized audience present, including several members of the school committee. The exercises were opened with a piano solo by Mr. Edgar Kerr, followed by addresses by Superintendent Baker, Mr. Henry W. Clarke and Mr. Dudley E. Campbell. Mr. Packard was then introduced and his remarks were carefully followed by the audience.

The annual conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of the fifth and sixth districts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were held in this city on Saturday last, the sessions lasting during the day and evening. On Sunday the delegates occupied many of the pulpits about the city and in the evening a union service was held at the Central Baptist church, the meeting being conducted by Mr. H. M. Moore. Among the speakers were Hon. J. W. Horton and Secretary "Bisale" of this city.

Rev. J. L. Dearing, president of a theological seminary at Yokohama, delivered an interesting lecture on Japan at the Central Baptist church Tuesday evening. There was a large audience present and to them the shortness of the lecture was a matter of regret.

News has just been received in the city today of the death at Augusta, Maine, of John H. Harrison, a member of St. John's Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He was also a member of Newport Royal Arch Chapter. Mr. Harrison formerly resided in Newport.

All the property at Mt. Hope Park was sold at foreclosure sale last week to J. S. Sexton of Fall River for \$23,000. It is proposed to organize a new company to operate the park and some radical changes will be made.

Philip B. Sherman who died in Providence this week was a brother of Isaac Sherman and William B. Sherman of this city, and came of a long lived family. The interment was in this city on Thursday.

An interesting bowling match is promised for next Monday evening at the alleys of the Newport Artillery. A team from the company will meet a team made up of gardeners from the "Neck."

It is reported that the Portsmouth car barn robbers are giving lots of trouble at the state prison. The keepers and guards know them to be desperate men and exercise special care over them.

The gripe has been and still is very prevalent in Newport and Middletown. Nearly every family in the two towns having one or more cases. In many instances the disease has been quite severe.

The old story about a new depot for Newport is being revived, either with or without authority, and some claim to believe that we shall have a new station in the near future.

The Diamond Ice Company, at the lower part of Thames street, are working night and day filling their ice houses, and turning out the finest and clearest ice they have ever had.

Street Commissioner Hamilton with representatives of the Gates' stone quarry on Wednesday visited the new city quarry and located the site for the new crusher.

The annual meeting of the Island Cemetery Company was scheduled to be held at the state house Monday evening, but there was no quorum present.

City Auditor Sherman, who has been confined to his home with the gripe, was able to be at his office on Friday for the first time since his illness.

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, New England Order of Protection, will be held in Providence on Wednesday next.

Mrs. George H. Taylor is recovering from her recent illness.

A Block Island Case.

The appellate division of the supreme court gave a hearing on Saturday in the Block Island case of William S. McCotter vs. the Town Council of New Shoreham. The case is a petition for a trial in the matter of the order of the town council with reference to the layout of a highway in that town known as the Beach road. Mr. McCotter neglected to prosecute his appeal from the order of the town council, according to law, and filed a petition for a trial under the provisions of chapter 251 of the General Laws of Rhode Island. A citation on this petition was issued and served on the members of the town council of New Shoreham, and the petitioner thereupon filed a petition for the removal of the petition for a new trial to the circuit court of the United States. The court took the matter for consideration, an elaborate brief being submitted.

On Monday a decision was handed down, denying the motion. Judge Tillinghast said in rendering the decision: "I am of the opinion that the federal court has no jurisdiction to try and determine this case. It is a petition under the statute of a case or proceeding for laying out a highway in the town of New Shoreham, and the granting or refusal of a trial or a new trial is a matter of discussion with the exercise of which by the state court the federal court will not interfere. The appeal by the plaintiff from the doing of the town council of New Shoreham has been dismissed, and hence no case is now pending involving any question as to the legality or regularity of condemnation proceedings. Another reason why the federal court has no jurisdiction is that the petitioner is the plaintiff in the suit and hence cannot ask for a removal and further I do not think it sufficiently appears that the property or right which the plaintiff claims is sufficient to give jurisdiction to the circuit court. The motion is denied."

Again in Trouble.

George Stratton, one of the three Fall River boys who snatched a well-filled pocket book from Miss Gilpin, in Newport, last summer, and for which they were arrested and placed on probation, is in trouble again, says the Fall River News. This time Stratton's parents, who reside on Cook street, are the victims. It is alleged that a few weeks ago young Stratton stole \$55 from his parents and fled from the city. No complaint was made to the police at the time as the mother was particularly anxious to prevent sending him to jail. It is said that he has returned to the city again, but that he is not living at home.

Time to Prepare.

It behooves millionaires who desire to be in the swim at Newport this summer to go early and secure front seats, says the Boston Herald. In other words to see that their cottages, villas, palaces are in order, and the summer campaign mapped out in black and white. The season is to out-Newport Newport, unless all signs fail. Titled personages are looked for more or less of it, and among lions of repute will be a royal French prince, an Austrian archduke and several English earls. New York society's cup of bliss is running over at the prospect.

Real Estate Transactions.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold on private terms the so-called "Haven" property on the Point, Washington street, on the side fronting Old Fort Green. It is bounded by Washington street, Battery street, Second street and Pine street, and contains about 1 1/2 acres of land, with fine house and stables. It is considered one of the finest estates on the inner harbor of Newport, and has been purchased for Mr. Charles J. Mauran.

Dellos & Eldridge have rented for T. T. Pitman his brick building on the westerly side of Tew's Court, formerly used as the Electric Light Power station, to E. G. Haywood, who after making alterations and repairs will use it for his lively stable business.

A. W. Luther has sold to Louisa Q. Davis of Washington, D. C., for the Ocean Highlands Company, a tract of land at Jamestown, containing 99,622 square feet, situated at the corner of Wolcott and Ocean avenues and adjoining other land of the grantee.

Election of Officers.

Newport Historical Society. President—V. Mett Francis. First Vice President—George Gordon King. Second Vice President—Hamilton Thompson. Treasurer and Librarian—H. Bennett Tilling.

Recording Secretary—Robert S. Franklin. Corresponding Secretary—George H. Robinson. Curator of Models and Coins—Edgar P. Robinson.

Directors—V. Mett Francis, George H. King, Hamilton B. Thompson, R. H. Tilling, R. S. Franklin, W. W. Sherman, A. O'D. Taylor, Lewis L. Stannard, Daniel B. Peering.

Manuel Golf Club. President A. C. Landers has appointed the following committees of the Manuel Golf Club:

House Committee—William G. Landers, chairman; Byron Boringham, Joseph A. Stevens, M. Walter A. Welch, Miss Martha Landers, Miss Mary B. Landers, Mr. E. P. Robinson, Mrs. Alice Brown, Miss Antonette S. Peckham, Miss Susan P. Swinburne, Mrs. Anthony Stewart, Miss Edith C. Corcoran, Mrs. H. B. Condon, Mrs. M. H. South, Mrs. Constance George, E. S. Beckwith, chairman; George F. Parsons, E. S. Landers, Charles B. Barker, William H. Lawton, Harold A. Peckham, Samuel M. Sever, William A. Corcoran, Mr. Thomas S. Chapman, J. Stacy Brown.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The Court of Probate held its regular monthly session on Monday and action was taken on the following named estates:

Estate of Nathaniel Greene. An inventory was presented by Mary Ward Greene, executrix; allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Ann P. Shove. Will proved and letters testamentary granted to Abram F. Shove as executor. Bond required in the sum of \$8,000, without sureties. Appraisers appointed: Joshua Coggeshall, George R. Chase and James R. Chase.

Estate of Frederick A. Lawton. Second and final account of Joel Peckham, administrator, with will annexed, referred to the third Monday of April and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Henry F. Fisher. The first account of Charles H. Ward, administrator, with his petition for an order of distribution is presented and referred to the third Monday of April with an order of notice.

IN TOWN COUNCIL.—Accounts were allowed and ordered paid as follows: John H. Spooner, surveyor of Road District No. 1, for repairs, \$20.50; for shovelling snow, \$47.00; C. Henry Congdon, surveyor of Road District No. 2, for repairs, \$49.80; James H. Barker, surveyor of Road District No. 3, for repairs, \$21.70; for shovelling snow, \$64.00; Charles A. Peckham, surveyor of Road District No. 4, for repairs, \$26.40; for shovelling snow, \$75.10; Joel Peckham, for services as member of public school committee, clerk to the same, and superintendent of schools, \$104; Joshua Coggeshall, for services as Town Auditor, Assessor of Taxes, member of school committee, etc., \$32; accounts for the relief of the poor, \$24.50.

From lists of candidates for supervisors submitted by the Republican Town Committee and Democratic Town Committee: Frederick B. Spooner and Charles H. Carr, Republicans; George Coggeshall and George Nathan Smith, Democrats, were chosen. Upon being notified of their appointment Charles H. Carr and George Coggeshall declined to serve, and in their stead Charles H. Sisson and Richard H. Wheeler have been appointed by the President of the Council since Monday's session. The time for issuing the warrant for the annual town meeting being imminent, it was resolved to insert therein the same two propositions adopted by the town last April, respecting highway betterments and appropriations therefor. One of these designates \$1,400 to be appropriated and expended in ordinary repairs, and the other proposition appropriates \$5,000 for the maintenance and construction of stone roads. The first sum designated proves insufficient each year to make all needed repairs, and if all the stone roads now requiring a new surface were covered next season it will take a large share of the appropriation of \$5,000. It is quite evident that if the stone roads already constructed are to be kept in good condition and any considerable length added annually to those now existing, the yearly appropriation will have to be increased.

DOG FUND.—The dog fund is now divisible among those holding orders thereon, who can obtain checks for the sum to which they are entitled by applying to the Town Treasurer. The damages during the past year were comparatively light.

NOT ON THE OFFICIAL BALLOT.—It is reported that only one set of nominees for Senator and Representative from this town have been placed on the official ballot to be voted April 4, 1900, and the nominees of the Republican caucus will apparently have less opposition than formerly when they have been quite sure of election before the voting day. Owing to some error of omission in marking up the certificate of nomination of Senator and Representative by the officers of the Prohibition caucus, the Secretary of State would not admit their names to the official ballot.

BOARD OF CANVASSERS.—The Town Council will hold a session as a Board of Canvassers at the Town Hall on Friday afternoon, March 30, at two p. m., when the final canvass of the voting lists will be made.

Portsmouth.

At the Republican caucus that was held at the town hall after the delegates had been elected to the state convention and the district convention, William L. Sisson was chosen a member of the state central committee. The five members of the town's committee elected are Jonathan A. Sisson, Charles I. Coggeshall, C. Henry Dyer, George E. Sisson and Henry C. Anthony.

Eldridge I. Stoddard was re-nominated as senator, and Henry C. Anthony as representative. The following are nominated for town officers:

Moderator—Henry Anthony. Town Clerk—William F. Brayton. Town Council—John B. Coraell, Warren R. Sherman, John L. Tatham, Charles G. Thomas, Robert B. Manchester.

School Committee for Three Years—Joseph Coggeshall, District No. 3, James Sweet, District No. 4, William A. Chase, District No. 6. Town Treasurer—Edward R. Anthony. Town Sergeant—William T. Harvey.

Assessors of Taxes—Jonathan A. Sisson, Arthur L. Borden, William F. Carr, Thomas J. Sweet, Henry C. Anthony, George R. Hicks. Justices of the Peace—John Hedley, Edward W. Thurston, Isaac Chase.

At the last meeting of the Portsmouth Cemetery Association, which took place in Eureka Hall, after receiving the report of the treasurer, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Benjamin Tatham. Vice President—Charles C. Hazard. Secretary—William F. Brayton. Treasurer—Benjamin Tatham.

Trustee for three years—Ephraim P. Fish. It was voted that the treasurer be authorized to purchase all land now en-

closed in the cemetery lot that is owned by David Coggeshall, resignee. Mr. Arnold Manchester and his bride, of Providence, have been spending a few days at Mr. John R. Manchester's.

The Rev. Daniel Caldwell Millett, who died on March 1, at Hahnemann, Penn., at the age of eighty-three, was for five years rector of St. Mary's Church in this town. Leaving here on April 18, 1855, for St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.

That part of South Portsmouth rural feed delivery route No. 1, from Green End avenue west of Mitchell's or Third Beach road will be discontinued Saturday, March 24.

It is reported that Mr. Henry U. Anthony and family will remove to the Buffum Farm, on Park avenue. Mr. Anthony has been adding to put up several cottages on his land for Fall River parties, for private residences for summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Hazard have recently visited Vaucluse.

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas M. Field took place on Friday, March 16, from her late home. The burial was in St. Mary's churchyard. She leaves one son, Mr. Frederic A. Field, and one grandson, Mr. Harold F. Field, of Boston.

Rev. Mr. Hoffman, who is take charge of the Friends' Church in this town, is expected to arrive, with his wife, some time this week. They will occupy the parsonage belonging to that Society.

PORTSMOUTH GOLD SEEKERS.—The party bound for Cape Nome, Alaska, now intends to start either on the 18th or 23rd of next month. According to the most reliable information obtainable those of the party who are citizens of Portsmouth will be in on the "ground floor." Being as they are full of push and energy the prospects of their striking it rich are to say the least very promising. Their first stop will be in New York, for the purpose of arranging the business for this end, then straight away for San Francisco, from which place transportation is already engaged. By arrangements already made the progress of the party will be regularly furnished for publication. As there will be a detention of the mails from Nome City for about six months of their winter, during which time every item of interest will be jotted down. The first news after the ice breaks will be without doubt very interesting reading.

Mrs. Clinton Smith, of Middletown, who has been ill for some time past, is much improved in health, and was able to visit her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Howland, in this city the past week.

The board of aldermen canvassed the city voting lists on Thursday and will make the final canvass on Thursday next.

Mrs. Geo. Whitefield Mead and child have returned from New York.

Mr. A. Russell Manchester is suffering from an attack of the gripe.

Mrs. John F. Crowell is seriously ill at her residence on Third street.

Miss Emma F. Rockett is enjoying a ten days' vacation.

Tiverton.

Some action will probably be taken soon to provide more room for the scholars in the Osborn district, as the present building is entirely inadequate for the needs of the district. There is an attendance at this school of from 50 to 60 scholars, and the room was built to accommodate between 40 and 50. About 60 seats have been packed into the room, and with this number, the scholars sit in many cases two in a seat. The overcrowding of the room and the poor ventilation accounts in a measure for the large amount of sickness that has been prevalent among the scholars this winter.

The no-license advocates have called a rally to be held at Whitridge Hall, Saturday night, March 31, at which Rev. D. B. Jansen, D. D., of Fall River, will speak.

The catboat Jessie, which is hauled out on the lower road, was blown over and her side crushed, Friday morning of last week.

A cottage in course of erection for Robert A. Brown, of Fall River, was blown over and considerably damaged, Friday morning, 16th inst.

Block Island.

In the death of Almanza Littlefield, Block Island was robbed of one of her most prominent citizens. Mr. Littlefield was born here April 5, 1826, and was the son of Nicholas and Maria (Packard) Littlefield.

In his early days Mr. Littlefield learned the carpenter's trade, and had built a large number of houses and hotels on the island and on the mainland. Some 50 years ago he purchased the property on what is now Main or Center street, near Mill Brook, and formerly was the son of Robert Hall, and one of the homesteaders of the island. About 50 yards east of Mr. Littlefield's residence can still be found, by digging, the foundations of the old stone house of James Sands, used as a fort in the time of the French and Indian Wars. For the past 30 years Mr. Littlefield has had practically a monopoly of the undertaking business at Block Island. He had for nearly half a century been a church member, and was a charter member of Atlantic Lodge of Masons and a Past Master thereof. He had also, in a quiet way, been prominent in local politics. While never aggressive in his methods, his sympathies were usually with the Democratic party, and he was for many years Moderator of the town meetings.

Mr. Littlefield leaves a widow but no children. His widow is a granddaughter of Dr. Aaron Wiley of Palatine fame. She will be 75 in August.

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

By WOLCOTT LE OLEAR BEARD.

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CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH SPIDER SAVES HIS ENEMY'S LIFE.

Back of the narrow flat that bordered the river rose a cliff of shining, black basalt, forming the edge of the tableland, or mesa, as it is called, which stretches away for hundreds of miles, a treeless, arid plain that reaches out of the United States nearly half way through Mexico. On the edge of this mesa our camp had been made, and here on the morning set for the crossing the great herd was gathered.

Since long before daylight the cowboys had been riding hard, galloping



He waved his hand as he passed me.

and shouting madly as they brought hurrying in the stragglers that had wandered up or down the river. Every man was trying to do the work of three men. Mounted on a gentle pony, and leaning hard on one stirrup to ease the other foot, I tried to help, but with an arm in a sling and an ankle incapacitated one does not succeed well in herding cattle.

A couple of cattle had broken away from the herd, and I was trying to chase them back. I failed signally. I could not follow their twists and turns, on account of my ankle, which was hurt by the pressure against the stirrup every time my horse suddenly changed the direction in which he was going. I had nearly given up when Spider, his pony on the keen jump, flushed by and took up the pursuit. He waved his hand as he passed me and tried to shout, but his throat was filled with dust, and the nearest he could come to his usual shrill cheer was a sort of spluttering gasp.

In a very few minutes the cattle were safely reunited with the herd. I had never seen Spider work with cattle, and his ready skill surprised me. Certainly he showed none of the awkwardness of which the Bull-Girl had complained. I was returning to the herd, when Spider emerged from the cloud of dust that surrounded it and cantered forward to meet me.

"Look a yer!" he cried in a tone of authority as soon as he was close enough to be heard. "You ain't got no business here. You ain't no good, no how, in the shape like you are, an you'll only do yourself up worse. Go up on that there little rise, where you can see everything an won't hurt yourself. Me'n the boys, we'll tend ter the cattle all right."

Spider's command that I should retire was so plainly prompted by a solicitude for my welfare that I could not have resented his tone even had it not amused me as it did. Besides, he was perfectly right. I was of no use whatever in the herding. Evidently intending to see that his orders were fully carried out, Spider rode by my side as I slowly cantered toward the rise that he had pointed out to me. Though the stirrup leathers of the borrowed saddle were far too long for him, though they were pulled up as far as they would go, and though the saddle itself was so large that it would have had room in it for several boys of Spider's size, still Spider rode superbly. I saw that when he was after those cattle. The pony he was riding on was one of my own, and though Spider had had the choice of several he had chosen the most unmanageable animal of them all. Cappy Lee was the last man who had attempted to ride the brute. He had been promptly bucked off. He told me afterward that he had turned a somersault so quickly that he had seen the canvas patch that decorated the back of his trousers.

"How does the pony carry you, Spider?" I asked as we rode along together.

"Like a bird. Concho an me's ol' frion's. He like some. He won't try no funny business when I'm ridin' 'em," replied Spider, with a happy grin, as he leaned forward and patted the pony's neck. Concho generally carried his ears pointing directly toward his tail. He rolled the whites of his eyes in acknowledgment of the caress and cocked his ears for an instant; then he laid them back again. To me his conduct was not reassuring.

"If I were in your place, I wouldn't try any of those tricks of yours," said I. I was speaking only of tricks of horsemanship, but Spider misunderstood me.

"You ain't seen me doin' no tricks terday, I reckon," he said in a tone that showed that he was rather hurt at what I said. "You ain't a-goin' ter see none, neither. I'm herdin' none. It's business, an I'm in it fer all I'm worth. You watch 'em see! I ain't a-miss' go back now." Wheeling around on his hind legs, Concho bucked himself toward the herd as I mounted the rise to which I had been bound.

The lean, hungry looking cattle gathered on the plain were blended into an indistinguishable mass by the thin cloud of dust that hung over them, thrown up by their hoofs as they pawed the loose sand. Here and there flashed a glint of dull light, where the sunlight that filtered through the dust was reflected from a tossing horn. With intervals between them, cowboys galloped around the herd, half of them going in one direction, half in the other. They passed in front of the herd and then vanished around its back, when they could only be distinguished by the pillar of dust, backer than that of the cattle.

the herd, that followed each man as he rode.

A little to one side the foreman sat on his horse, with Spider close by him. Then, evidently directed by his chief, Spider galloped over the plain and passed into the gorge that made a passage between the cliff and the river flat. The foreman cantered up to me.

"I reckon we better get this here job done about as quick as we know if we're goin' ter do it," he said as he came within speaking distance. "We'll have ter drive 'em all ter once too. 'The river's risin', an ther won't be no time ter split 'em up into bunches, an then get 'em over one bunch at a time like we oughter. Can't say how far the water'll rise or how long it'll stay riz, now it's started. I jist sent the kid ter look at a watermark I set an hour ago. Here he comes, now." As he spoke Spider rode up.

"Here's yer stake," said he, holding the stretched stick up for inspection. "Water was a bar an a half over it when I got there. Stake was clean outer sight, an I had ter hunt for it."

"Ye see," said the foreman, turning to me. "We'll sure have ter go or get stuck here. Reckon we'd better get things a-movin'. What'er think?"

There was but one thing to do. I nodded assent, and, followed by Spider, the foreman galloped back to his charge.

Then there were shouts from the men: the cattle moved slowly forward, and like a great serpent, the herd strung itself across the plain and through the gorge that led to the river, halting for a moment on the flat below.

"Now string 'em out an get 'em to runnin', so's they can't stop themselves," commanded the foreman.

"When you're gettin' 'em inter the drink, ride on the down stream side all you can, so's they can't head that way. Try'n have a little sense, if yer can. Now, then, ready! Let 'er go!"

The waiting cowboys put spurs to their horses and started. After a moment's hesitation the great mass of cattle moved slowly toward the river. The men behind them urged them on with shots and blows and cries. Daring to the head of the herd, Hollis wormed his way in, and with the heavy bonds or loop ring of his lariat flagged the leading cattle, patting old bulls that were accustomed to move with deliberation. Determined not to be outdone by his enemy, Spider dashed forward and arrived an instant later. The nimble little cow pony slid in among the cattle and was here, there and everywhere in an instant, while his rider whipped, spurred and yelled like a madman.

A sort of clumsy ripple that reminded me of the movement of logs jammed in a river passed along the length of the herd; then the cattle broke into a lumbering gallop. The gallop was much faster than it seemed. First Hollis and then Spider broke through the head of the herd, and, riding diagonally forward, tried to get to one side of the rush. I could see that their horses were going at a rate that they could hardly have bettered if their lives had been depending on their speed.

Hollis was ahead, with Spider immediately behind and trying to pass him, and, aided by his light weight, Spider succeeded in passing. He reached the outside of the path pursued by the herd, and, wheeling his horse, swooped down on the flank of the body of cattle, still yelling and flogging as he urged it on.

Hollis also had nearly passed out of the danger line when his horse lurched forward and fell, throwing his rider some distance from him, directly in line of the rushing herd that was bearing down upon them. He had stepped into a badger hole. The horse scrambled to his feet and galloped on, but for a moment Hollis, apparently stunned, lay where he had fallen.

No one could do anything to help—there was no time. In another instant Hollis rose unsteadily to his feet. There



Covering the foremost bull of the herd, he fired.

was a boulder a few feet distant, and he made for it in a limping run. He drew a pistol as he knelt behind the rock, and hurriedly covering the foremost bull of the herd, now terribly close to him, he fired. The bull plunged headlong against the boulder and lay with his body jammed across it.

The cattle were not quite stampeded. If they had been they would have piled themselves one on top of another over the boulder and the dead bull that rested against it, until, with their combined weight, they would have almost crushed the rock itself. As it was they turned to one side and the other as they reached the impediment, and left a little open space around it, as though the rock were a candle and the space the light it shed.

Another moment and the herd had passed, followed by a cloud of flying dust. This cloud was peopled by cowboys who waved their hands to Hollis as they went by him and shouted words of ironical consolation or counsel. One of the men advised him to engage Spider as a riding teacher. Hollis was not pleased. He made this plain in his replies to the rough jokes that were showered upon him. He was not at all the sort of person that could enjoy a joke when at his own expense.

The herd reached the river and the yellow spray was flung high in the air. Then they slowed and stopped, heaving to and fro. They were prevented from breaking down stream again by the cowboys, who stood ready to foil every such attempt, and try as they might they could not return—but not an inch forward would they stir. The river was rising fast, and more short handed than ever, now that Hollis was unhorsed, it was all that he could do to hold them where they were.

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ra! in the van of the herd stood Hollis' pony, girth deep in the water. Hollis caught sight of him. Retarded by his cowboy boot heels, three inches high, Hollis walked laboriously through the deep, soft sand toward the herd that stood bunched together, half in, half out of the stream. Going up to the nearest cow, Hollis put his hands on her shoulders and vaulted neatly astride of her lean back, and before the astonished animal had time to remonstrate in any way he had swung from her back to that of another which was standing next to her. From this one he swung to a third, until at last he reached a part of the herd near the middle where the animals were so packed together that they were almost incapable of movement. Then he rose to his feet and started to walk, stepping from one backbone to the next.

It was a crazy thing to do. Once before I had seen a man attempt to swing from back to back, and it was a dangerous feat enough. Such a feat as Hollis was now attempting was ten times as dangerous. Should he fall between the cattle they would close over his head and almost certainly drown him.

For some distance Hollis succeeded well enough. Each back winced as his foot pressed it, and the head belonging to the back would toss angrily. The heads were all pointing in one direction, and in order to avoid them Hollis passed diagonally across the herd in much the same manner that a boat beats to windward. He completed his first tack. With one foot on the back of a cow, the other pressing the spinal column of a vicious cream colored bull, Hollis tried to turn. The bull threw up his head and attempted to plunge. He was too closely confined to succeed in this, but he unbalanced Hollis, who, withdrawing his foot from the back of the bull, placed it on the creature that stood directly behind him, tottered for an instant, then regained his balance and brought his foot forward once more, replacing it on the bull's back. Just at this time Spider came galloping down the bank. Pulling his horse almost on to his haunches, he stared in blank amazement. He would not have been more astonished, he told me afterward, if Hollis had appeared in the guise of an angel flying over the herd and he "couldn't" think of nothin' more unlikely'n that.

Hollis saw Spider at the same moment. Once more he tried to turn, and this time he succeeded. As he did so his foot slipped. He made a couple of quick steps to recover his balance. He more than recovered it. He threw it the other way and fell backward at full length between the cattle.

Hollis' struggles to rise probably frightened the cattle even more than his fall had done. They heaved and surged frantically to clear themselves of their burden, and in an instant had opened a space between them through which Hollis dropped with a scream that I heard, distant as I was, far above the noise of the cattle and the shouting. Then the space closed over his head.

Not for a moment did I suppose that I should again see Hollis alive—not once in a thousand such occurrences would I have had an opportunity. As it was, by a miracle of good fortune, he came up near the heads of the cattle between which he had fallen. I saw his hand clenching a horn. The head to which the horn belonged bellowed and tossed in its efforts to free itself. Twice it broke his hold, and twice Hollis reappeared, grasping for his life at the nearest support.

Spider instantly turned his horse and sprang straight into the press of cattle, striking and shouting and trying to scatter it. Only on the edge of the herd did he succeed. The rest of the cattle were packed too closely, and there was not time for them to move. Still snarling, Spider snatched his lariat from where it hung on his saddle, closing the loop in order to increase its length. He swung it and cast. The rope fell fair and true across the neck of the steer to which Hollis was clinging. Hollis grasped it instantly.

The cattle heaved and pushed as they felt the strain of the tightened line over their backs. Spider tried desperately to bring the end of his lariat to the saddle horn, where he could secure it, but he was forced away by the cattle until the rope would not reach. Then the cattle gave back a little. Hollis took in the slack afforded by this movement, and opening the loop with one hand, tried to get it over his head and shoulders.

"Le! me have it!" shrieked Spider. "Le! me have the slack—I can't get the rope 't the horn 'less you do. I can't pull y'out with jess' my han'. Le! me have it—quick!"

Hollis strained the rope harder than ever. Though he could not get the loop over his shoulders, he did get one arm through, and then, clutching the lariat in his hand, he jerked the line dangerously as he struggled to rise between the cattle.

"Slack off till I can fast the rope!" called Spider despairingly. "I can't hol' ter my saddle else."

The rope was strained until it sang like a harp string. With a quick turn of his wrist Spider wrapped the end of the lariat around his hand and held on with all the strength of his tough little body. Clinging to the horn with his left hand, he was dragged farther and farther out of his saddle. Finally his hold on the horn was broken, his pony dashed riderless up the bank, while Spider hung by the rope, counterbalanced by Hollis at the other end.

"Let go!" I roared to him as I pushed my horse down the bank in order to attempt the assistance that I knew I could not give. "Let go the line and get out while you can! Don't you see they're closing around you! Let go!" Spider heard and shook his head. He had no intention whatever of letting go. Dragged upward by Hollis' superior weight, he was hanging with his feet

just touching the water. In spite of his desperate hold the lariat was slipping through Spider's hands. His face was getting white under its tan, but his teeth were set and still he held fast.

"Let go! Let go, now!" I called again. Spider did not let go, and then it was too late. A bunch of cattle, confused by the stir, that were lumbering aimlessly about, crowded against him and bumped him in. As I rode I drew my pistol and fired three shots in rapid succession. It is a distress signal that is universally known, and if it was heard it could not fail to bring the men back to Spider's aid.

For a moment no one answered. There was no time for an answer. But I did not realize that then. I rode at the cattle and fired three more shots, this time straight into them, and three of them rolled over into the muddy water. I was so close that I could not miss, and I would cheerfully have sacrificed the whole herd just then if it would have helped Spider out. But my pistol was empty, and all I could do was to try, with the able assistance of the little bay mare I rode, to scatter the cattle that held him into the herd. Indeed the mare did far more than I in the minute that followed. Seeming to realize the situation, she plunged, bucked and even bit as she tried to force her way.

The press got thicker and thicker. The little mare could only struggle faintly against it. I was quite close to Spider now, but I might as well have been a mile away, for I could not reach him. I caught sight of his red head only once. The rest of the time I could see nothing but the strained line that hummed between the boy and the heavy man that was trying to climb by it. I could still yell, and I did. Three shots came back in answer, and in another moment help had arrived.

The cattle that held us into the herd were scattered. One of the cowboys caught my mare by the bridle and led her, protesting against the indignity, up the bank. As we went I turned my head in time to see that Cappy Lee had picked Spider up bodily by his belt and that he looked more spiderlike than ever with his legs and arms flourishing in the air as he was lifted to a seat in front of his rescuer. At the same time another man cut Spider's rope. Then, carrying the loose end to his saddle horn, he took a quick turn and galloped away. Of course the strain on Hollis' arm must have been terrible. No man could have held on, even though his life depended upon it, but Hollis had secured the loop around his wrist and had no choice but to come. Bumping over the back of one cow after another and yelling frightfully as he came, Hollis at last dropped with a splash into the shallow water near the shore. The cowboy cast loose the rope from his saddle horn and cantered after Leo.

Released from control, the cattle scattered and soon, except for the three dead ones, there was not a cow in sight. Another attempt to cross the river then was impossible. We had done our best and had failed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Silencing a Gun."

There is a great deal of ignorance as to what "silencing a gun" means. A gun is silenced when the gunners are disabled or driven back and the gun or gunnery damaged. It is a common enough phenomenon for weapons which have thus been silenced to reopen fire after repairs have been made, the gunners rallied or a fresh crew obtained. It is a rare thing for a gun to be so damaged by hostile fire that it cannot be repaired and brought into action again. "I saw," says Prince Kraft, of the German artillery, in the battle of Gravelotte, "many guns during the cannonade lying miserably on the ground 'winged,' that is, with a broken wheel. But not one was withdrawn; the injured guns were always quickly repaired with the help of the wagons which were near, so that after the battle I could not tell exactly how many pieces had been temporarily out of action." The Navy League Journal of London says this expert opinion should put a stop to ignorant witticisms on the frequent silencing at Ladysmith of "Long Tom," as the biggest of the Boer guns was called. The navy had day after day to look after this weapon and dose it with lyddite shells, but on each occasion the work was skillfully done—Army and Navy Journal.

Jumbo's Coin Collection.

When Jumbo was struck by a railroad engine and killed at London, Ontario, in 1885, P. T. Barnum at once telegraphed to Prof. Ward, a taxidermist, of Rochester, N. Y., to superintend the saving of the skin and bones of the big elephant. Mr. Smith was one of the butchers employed to assist in the work.

"It took us five hours to remove the skin," said Mr. Smith, "and then we worked hard for fifteen hours more cutting the flesh from the bones. It was the hardest day's work that I ever did, but we were well paid, getting a dollar an hour."

"In Jumbo's stomach we found an assortment of odds and ends that would have gladdened the heart of a junk dealer. There was about a peck of stones as large as hen's eggs and a collection of coins, in which a majority of the civilized nations of the earth were represented. There were French francs, German marks, Austrian thalers, English shillings, pence, and farthings and American half-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels. Besides these there were a large number of lead car seals that the big traveler had doubtless acquired as souvenirs of railway trips. There was even an English policeman's whistle in the expiations pouch."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How It Happened.

"So she ran away with him?" "I think she did. From what I have seen of him I don't think he had guile enough to run away with her."—Chicago Post.

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The Mercury.

J. H. HANCOCK, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, March 24, 1900.

There seems to be considerable opposition to the bond issues called for by the city council. Some of the projects will doubtless receive a black eye.

Tramps are proving a menace to the vicinity of Westport, Mass., and the roadhouse are on the war path. Two members of the tramp fraternity hung a young boy to the rafters of a barn while they ransacked the house. He was discovered barely in time to save his life.

The Republican nominee for Governor, the Hon. William Gregory of Wickford, and the rest of the ticket are good men and deserve the solid support of the party, which they will doubtless receive. The State ticket is good for 500 majority at least and perhaps more. As long as the Democratic party in this state ties itself to Bryan and his free silver heresies, there can be no chance for success, however good may be the men it puts forward for office. The people of this state believe in sound money and the protective tariff.

The President is receiving much unmerited abuse over the Porto Rico tariff matter. All the money received from the tariff on Porto Rican products is to be returned to the people of the island, so they are just as well off, if not better, than they would be with absolutely free trade. Again it will not be good policy to open up free trade with the Philippines at present. Consequently free trade with Porto Rico would open up a precedent which might be difficult to get over. The President's critics are over anxious to find something with which they can find fault.

The State Election occurs one week from next Wednesday. All the candidates have now been nominated and the campaign is on in full force. Still no one seems unduly excited over the outcome. It is in the air that this being a Presidential and Senatorial year, the Republicans are to win anyhow, and the other side, although doing some boasting for appearance sake, generally acknowledges that this is not the year in which to look for Democratic success. In this city the opposition party is said to have largely the best of their opponents on the registry list, still to outsiders it does not appear that they have put up a General Assembly ticket with a view to electing it, with possibly one exception. So the campaign this year bids fair to be a quiet and uninteresting one.

Prosperous Conditions.

The total deposits in the savings banks in this State are \$73,186,624.01, which is an increase for the past year of \$2,597,553.92. This shows that the Rhode Island laboring people are in a prosperous condition, for most of the deposits in our savings banks are among the laboring classes. The number of depositors depositing \$500.00 and under \$1,000.00 amounts to 13,931, a decrease of 87. The number of depositors depositing \$500.00 or less amounts to 101,933, an increase of 5,506. The number of depositors depositing \$1,000.00 and over amounts to 22,750, an increase of 955. The resources of said banks and institutions for savings amount to \$76,786,975.00, which is an increase of \$1,019,445.03. The average rate of dividend has increased from 4.03 to 4.18 per cent. The amount of reserved profits at time of annual dividends amounted to \$2,506,500.30, showing a decrease of \$69,829.40. The amount loaned on mortgages within the State is returned as \$22,841,506.13.

The Local Boer Fund.

Mayor Doyle and Congressman Bull are members of the General Committee of the National Boer Relief Fund Association of New York. This is the organization of which Hon. W. Bourke Cockran is President, and Geo. W. Van Sicken, who, besides being Secretary-Treasurer, is the Council in the United States for the two South African Republics and the Correspondent of the English Transvaal Committee as well as the English Arbitration Committee. He also represents the Algemeen Nederlands Verbond and is in direct communication through a secret code with Dr. Leyds, Dr. Muller, Dr. Kiewiet de Jonge and J. H. Hofmeyr. The Association has for its object the raising of a million dollar fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Boers killed in the contest in South Africa, so that some of the dire and widespread destitution, which is bound to result therefrom, may be somewhat effectively relieved. A Woman's Auxiliary League, of which Princess Agnes Selva Selva is Chairman, is arranging for a mammoth War Benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, which promises to be a huge success. It is the purpose of the Association to have sub-committees of the League in various cities in this state that will co-operate with the National headquarters in the St. James Building, New York. Already the Mayors of several scores of large cities throughout the country are active in raising funds in their respective cities, and in consequence of such efforts the National Boer Relief Fund is steadily increasing. In order that the million dollars may be raised, it is urgently necessary that every pro-Boer sympathizer in the United States should co-operate with the National Boer Relief Fund Association of New

York and each and everyone contribute according to his or her means. The Mayor is the local custodian of funds contributed and will see that each contributor, no matter how small the sum, receives a handsome souvenir receipt.

Sunday School Parade.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association the matter of the Sunday School Parade came up for discussion. Letters were read from several of the Sunday School Superintendents of the state, tending to show that the choice of Decoration Day was unwise in many of the towns and some of the cities the children occupy an important place in the Memorial Day exercises. The interest which has been manifested in the parade was so marked that it was thought best to have it but to change the date. Therefore it will occur some Saturday in June, and not on Decoration Day as previously announced. Full details of the plan will be sent to every superintendent and will also be published in the several newspapers of the State.

A serious fire broke out in New London, Conn., at about three o'clock yesterday morning, destroying the large freight house on the Central Vermont wharf and causing a loss of about \$10,000. Steamer Mohagan which was tied to the wharf at the time of the fire was hauled into the stream and saved.

The old firm of book publishers, D. Appleton & Co., of New York have gone into the hands of a receiver after having enjoyed a prosperous business for three quarters of a century. The firm is one of the oldest and most prominent in the country. The business will be continued without interruption.

Senator Wetmore may delay, but it seems to be due to him to say that he takes mighty good care of his senatorial fences down in Rhode Island. He is already as good as elected for another term.—Boston Herald.

Southern Railway N. Y. Office.

Since the reorganization and consolidation of the various railways of the South into one great corporation—the Southern Railway Company—under the admirably conducted management of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., and the consequent presidency of Mr. Samuel Spencer, this trunk system has taken its place as one of the greatest of this country. The remarkable industrial and material development of the South, together with the developed comforts of a winter sojourn there, have given to it an enormous passenger traffic, which year by year increases. To meet the demands and to further the convenience of the public, the company has recently established an up-town office at No. 1155 Broadway, where the General Eastern Passenger Agent, Mr. A. S. Thwaites, is located. The office has been handsomely and luxuriously fitted up with every accommodation for the patrons of the road in the transaction of business, purchase of tickets, securing of berths, etc. These tickets may be procured to Cuba, Mexico, California, or any other point in the great South and West. To an old-timer of thirty years ago, recalling the discomforts of a trip through the Southern States, the up-to-date luxury of travel over the Southern Railway and its connections is a gratifying surprise.—Town Topics, March 15, 1900.

Washington Matters.

Refunding the Bonded Indebtedness of the Country—Affairs in South Africa—Dewey Approves of the Submarine Boat Holland—The Status of Porto Rico—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, March 19, 1900.
Secretary Gage is greatly interested in the work of refunding the entire bonded indebtedness of the country under the 2 per cent. bonds authorized by the new finance law, which is now well under way, every mail to the Treasury being filled with applications for exchanging the outstanding bonds for the new issue. The entire issue of the new bonds will be dated April 1, and they will be exchanged as fast as possible, in the order of application, the accrued interest on the old bonds being paid in cash.

President McKinley regrets the failure of his tender of the good offices of this government to Great Britain to assist in bringing about peace in South Africa, but recognizes that Lord Salisbury had a right to decline the tender on behalf of his government. The general impression in Washington is that nothing else can or will be done by this government, and that the language of Lord Salisbury's declination is in effect a strong hint to European nations not to attempt mediation.

Secretary Root has, in answer to a request from Gen. Otis, cabled him permission to encourage the love of music among the Filipinos by enlisting them as musicians in the regimental bands of his army.

Admiral Dewey has endorsed a favorable report made by Lieut. H. H. Caldwell, his aid, on the recent tests of the submarine torpedo boat Holland, in the Potomac river, just below Washington. Lieut. Caldwell was on the boat during the entire test, lasting nearly three hours, and says in his report that a determined enemy, with a boat of the Holland type could have made the occupation of Manila Bay by Admiral Dewey's squadron impossible. Admiral Dewey sent Lieut. Caldwell's report to the House Committee on Naval Affairs, with a letter of his own, endorsing it strongly.

By a solid republican vote, aided by the vote of Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, the Senate has decided in favor of the republican contention, that the Constitution does not follow the flag into acquisitions of territory outside of the boundaries of the United States proper without an act of Congress, providing for such an extension. In other words that territory may belong to the United States, without becoming a part of the United States. The vote was taken on an amendment offered by Senator Allen to the bill providing for turning over to the President to be used for the immediate necessities of Porto Rico, the money collected under the Dingley tariff law, on Porto Rican products, up to the first of January—a little more than \$2,000,000, which was afterwards passed without a division. The question was squarely presented in the defeated

amendment, which asserted that the treaty of peace with Spain extended the Constitution of the United States over Porto Rico. This action of the Senate endorses the position of the republican majority of the House, as well as that of President McKinley, and there is very little doubt that the decision of the supreme court, when the question reaches it, will be to the same effect.

No time has been set for a vote on the other Porto Rican bill, dealing with the government of the island and the tariff, but it is not likely to be for several weeks, as Senators Aldrich, Platt, of Connecticut, and Teller, who are much interested in the measure, have gone to Cuba, and will not return for about two weeks. Meanwhile, the debate will go on. The passage of the Emergency Porto Rican Bill has made it unnecessary to hurry in disposing of this one.

Although always intensely partisan, Senator Tillman has a way of frankly expressing what he believes which makes men admire his honesty, even when they entirely disagree with him. He made some of the Democrats open their eyes when he said, on the floor of the Senate: "I am always willing to trust William McKinley. He is a patriotic and noble man." During the same colloquy, he said to the Republican Senators, referring to their differences on the Porto Rican tariff question: "You are the best organized party I ever saw, and no matter how you talk, I have no doubt you will all round up on the vote."

The militia officers representing 38 states who have been in Washington for some days, have won their preliminary campaign, and the House Committee on Military Affairs has favorably reported a bill increasing the annual Congressional appropriation for the National Guard of the Country from \$400,000 to \$2,000,000, and the chances are decidedly in favor of the bill becoming a law. Our experience in the war with Spain has added largely to the number of those who believe that money spent in improving and encouraging the National Guard is money well spent.

An agreement has been reached by the Senate on the Quay case. It will be taken up April 5, and kept before the Senate until disposed of. It is generally admitted that Mr. Quay will be seated whenever the vote is taken.

There is a regular rush for charters for National Banks, with capital of \$25,000, in towns of less than 3,000 inhabitants authorized by the new financial laws. Great care is being exercised by the Controller of the Currency in approving the application for this class of charters.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1900, by W. T. Foster.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 24.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 23 to April 3 and the next will reach Pacific coast about 4, cross west of Rockies country by close of 5, great central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 9.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about 4, great central valleys 6, eastern states 4.

Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about 7, great central valleys 8, eastern states 11.

Temperature of the week ending 8 a. m. April 9 will average above normal in the great central valleys, above in eastern states and below on Pacific slope.

After date of this bulletin temperature will be marching toward colder and rainfall will be increasing east of the Rockies; west the reverse may be expected.

First week in April will bring severe storms with great extremes of temperature and heavy rains over small extents of country; droughts in other small localities. Conditions will be favorable to farmers but very dangerous storms are not expected.

The following weather changes will occur within 24 hours of 8 p. m. on the dates mentioned. For the Atlantic coast:

March 27—Moderating.
March 28—Moderating.
March 29—Moderate.
March 30—Moderate.
April 1—Variable.
April 2—Cooler.

OSLEN IS CHAMPION WRESTLER.

Roeder Unable to Respond to the Call of Time After the Second Fall.

New York, March 23.—Beck Olsen of Copenhagen was from Ernest Roeder of Germany in the heavy weight championship wrestling match Wednesday night. Each man got a fall, but Roeder was unable to come in time at the end of the second bout.

Roeder gained the first fall in 21 minutes and 25 seconds by a half-Nelson hold. The Dane secured the next fall, which proved to be the last, by a front body hold and throw. Roeder was unable to come to the center at the call of time after a 10-minute intermission and Olsen therefore was given the match and honors.

Roeder claimed to have been hurt in the same spot on the right side where he was injured in the Yousoff fiasco some time ago, when he backed off the elevated stage in evading the big Turk. The physicians who examined him, however, failed to discover any fractured ribs, but refused to permit the German to continue, fearing that he had been injured internally.

The big garden was filled to overflowing and intense excitement followed the announcement of the referee's verdict, and as the crowd surged out of the several exits the doors and glass work were severely damaged. Many persons, among whom were several women, were crushed and bruised, but none seriously.

Scholar to Steering Team.

Washington, March 23.—The navy department expects a great future for Guam in a commercial way. Besides being a naval station, all the Pacific army transports are expected hereafter to touch at the island, and to add from Manila the new cable Pacific cable will have a station there; a mercantile sailing station will, it is thought, soon be established, and this will attract merchant vessels, so that Guam will become a regular port of call for the shipping in the eastern seas. Captain Leary is coming home, and Lieutenant Commander Schoeder is to be governor of Guam.

From High Life to Prison.

Boston, March 23.—Champanne and women caused the downfall of John F. Soule, who was sentenced by Judge Bell to state prison for not less than 2½ nor more than four years for larceny of \$2500 from the Heath & Milligan Manufacturing company of Chicago, of which he was the eastern agent. Soule had been living a dual life in this city and had become a regular attendant at one of the churches, the pastor of which appeared in court to testify in his behalf.

A Woman's Mistake

It is a well-known fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other remedy. It therefore must be the best possible medicine for female ills.

But some women make the mistake of thinking that they will try something else, simply because it is new. That mistake is often a fatal one—fatal to the health and happiness of the experimenter.

Is it not foolish to risk the possible results of such experiments? Is it not better to depend upon a medicine which has been tried successfully for thirty years, and which has never been found wanting? Do not therefore let any one persuade you to try something which they say is just as good. It cannot be just as good. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is the best, and there can be only one best. This is not a mere assertion, but is a positive fact, admitted by hundreds of regular physicians.

Rely on your own common sense, and Mrs. Pinkham's life-long experience, and you will make no mistake. Don't experiment with your health, but take a medicine that you know is good, and is backed by such letters as these to Mrs. Pinkham:

Ovarian Troubles Always Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had been in poor health for twenty years, having inflammation of ovaries and womb trouble. Although treated by physicians, I could not gain strength nor do my work, and was so low-spirited and tired of life. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle strengthened me, and I wrote to you. After taking six bottles I can say that I am well and am even doing my own washing."—Mrs. M. W. MILLER, No. 1035 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

"For three years I suffered with ovarian trouble, having inflammation and an abscess on right ovary. Had such pain in my back and head, and at times was unable to walk. Had several doctors, but they did not do me much good. One doctor said that I would have to have an operation and have the ovary removed. I became discouraged and gave up all hopes of getting well. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and followed her directions faithfully, and am better than I have been for three years. I have taken ten bottles, and my friends are surprised at my rapid improvement."—Mrs. W. H. WATKINS, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., N. Y.

Suppressed and Painful Periods Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specially, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—Miss LENA OXNIES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

"Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was troubled with irregular menstruation, and suffered great agony. My physician gave me morphine, and I remained in bed. I doctored eight years and got no relief, and the doctors told me there was no relief for my trouble. Finally I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While taking the first bottle I felt that I was improving. I have taken seven or eight bottles, and never had anything to do me so much good. Every month my troubles have grown less and less, and now at this time I am cured."—ELLA QUINCY, No. 23 Stage Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Backache and Womb Troubles Succumb to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been for ten years an invalid with female weakness, and the torture and pain I suffered no tongue can tell. I never spent one week in the ten years that I was free from pain. My trouble was inflammation and congestion of womb. When I commenced to take your remedy I had been bedfast for some time under the treatment of two of our best physicians without receiving any benefit. You can imagine the benefit I derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I tell you that I have gained forty pounds and am well—a thing I never dared to expect."—Mrs. C. E. FOLKES, Monett, Mo.

"For a number of years I was troubled with backache and leucorrhea. I became so weak and miserable that I could not attend to my work or studies. The least effort would completely exhaust me. Physicians failed to help me. I felt that my youth was blighted, and the life before me would be one of suffering and misery. Then a friend insisted on me taking your medicine. Before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. I had not known a well day for four years, but now I feel better than I have since a child, and it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss MARY B. STEVENSON, Alliance, O.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand such Letters.

JAMESTOWN Real Estate Agency.

Furnished Cottages for the Season of 1900.

A. W. LUTHER, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Ferry Wharf, Jamestown, R. I.

Beware of Quackery for Cancers that contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to the system is often a fatal one. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH, 1900.	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1st	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2nd	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
3rd	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
4th	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
5th	29	30	31				

New Moon 1st day, 5h. 27m., evening.
First Quarter 8th day, 8h. 35m., evening.
Full Moon 15th day, 11h. 10m., evening.
Last Quarter 22nd day, 1h. 30m., evening.

A. O'D. Taylor.

Real Estate Agent, 124 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown, R. I.

Furnished Cottages for the Summer Season.

TO RENT, in both Newport and Jamestown, from \$20 to \$500 in Newport, and from \$20 to \$100 in Jamestown. Printed lists and full particulars sent on application.
PRIVATE TELEPHONE NO. 520.

Marriages.

In this city, March 23, by the Rev. Charles G. Gilliat, D. D., Clarence Henry Wrightington to Mary Carter Whitipple.

Deaths.

In this city, 21st inst., Michael Ryan, aged 50 years.

In this city, 21st inst., Mary, daughter of John and Catherine Hodgson, aged 1 year and 11 months.

In this city, 21st inst., Rebecca T. Best, daughter of the late Benjamin and the late Eliza Freeman, in the 72d year of her age.

In this city, 21st inst., James Herbert, son of Rebecca and the late Edward V. Herbert, in his 34th year.

In this city, 19th inst., at the residence of his mother, 612 Thames street, John T. son of Mary and the late John J. Hyman, aged 20 years and 9 months.

At Block Island, 18th inst., Elsie C. widow of J. R. Payne, in her 81st year.

In Philadelphia, 18th inst., Eliza Blyden, wife of Frank H. Steers and daughter of the late James H. and the late Margaret Wilson of this city.

In Providence, 19th inst., Rose, wife of Elzard C. Gaudin, of 11th St., widow of Dr. John H. Wells, and daughter of the late Joseph and Julia Lippitt Sweet, 19th, Emma A., wife of Thomas J. White, 45, 15th, Hannah G., wife of John H. Perkins, 2, 15th, Merrell N. Devotion, 35, 15th, Elsie Williams Appleton, 60, 21st, Rev. S. C. M. Orsen, 61, 24th, J. Frank Duffy, 35, 24th, Roxeland D., widow of Josiah S. Lutter, 70.

In Tiverton, 18th inst., Elizabeth Merson, wife of Alexander Snell.

In East Providence, 18th inst., Joseph Thompson, widow of George H. H. in her 51st year.

12 Acre Farm FOR SALE.

I have been authorized to sell for the estate of Isaac A. Sherman, the 12-acre farm with good buildings (such as a main house, a barn, a garage, situated on Third Beach road in Middletown, R. I. Will accept purchaser by a good sized loan at 5 per cent. Full particulars at my office. Call or write.

SIMEON HAZARD.

91 BROADWAY, Telephone 30.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Pres. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

NOTICE.

CANVASS.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN of the City of Newport, will in session as a Board of Canvassers at their Chamber in the City Hall, on

Thursday, March 29, 1900, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

for the purpose of canvassing, correcting and settling the WAIR LIST of Voters in Newport, for the WAIR MEETINGS to be held on Wednesday, the fourth day of April, 1900.

Witness my hand, WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

Attest: WILLIAM G. STEVENS, City Clerk.

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Customer—So the Guaranteed Giddiness Cure Company is going to do business in Paris during the Exposition? Where will you locate?
Manager—Well, we would like to engage space on top of Eiffel Tower.

NEWPORT Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders.

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on Any Kind of Carting.

Business by Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 80 Bellevue Avenue.

BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 311-2.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

AN ORDINANCE of the Board of Aldermen Regulating the Making of Sewer Connections in the City of Newport.

It is ordained by the Board of Aldermen, sitting as a Board of Health as follows:

Section 1. Any person desiring to connect any land or premises with any main drain or common sewer in the City of Newport shall make application in writing to the Street Commissioner of said city.

Section 2. Any person making application as aforesaid shall also file in the office of the Street Commissioner, a plan of the proposed sewer in the form of one thousand (\$1000) dollars, with a survey or map satisfactory to the Street Commissioner. The condition of this bond shall be that the applicant shall do the work for which he has applied in a first class and workmanlike manner and satisfactory to the Street Commissioner, and that in the event of said work being unsatisfactory to the Street Commissioner that said applicant will pay any expense in providing labor or material to which said Street Commissioner shall be subjected on behalf of the City of Newport in order to make said work satisfactory.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Her Lesson in Civility.

One afternoon recently a stylishly dressed woman boarded an Illinois Central train at Forty-seventh street. She sat down in the only vacant seat, beside a young workman who was reading a book. The man wore blue overalls and carried a dinner pail. The woman drew herself together superciliously and elevated her eyebrows. In getting her ticket she dropped her purse, and the young fellow picked it up and offered it to her politely. She took it without a word of thanks. All the way uptown she fidgeted and behaved so unpleasantly that the attention of the other passengers in the car was attracted to the little drama.

When the train stopped at Randolph street the woman in crowding past knocked the book from the workman's hands.

"I beg your pardon," she condescended.

"Not at all, ma'am," responded the young fellow, cheerfully. "It's quite in keeping with the rest of your conduct."

And everybody thought it served her right.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Poser.

Charles Bradlaugh, the English free-thinker, once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister. He insisted that the minister should answer a question by a simple "Yes" or "No," without any circumlocution, asserting that every question could be replied to in that manner.

The reverend gentleman rose and said: "Mr. Bradlaugh, will you allow me to ask you a question on those terms?" "Certainly," said Bradlaugh.

"Then may I ask, have you given up beating your wife?"—Woman's Journal.

Where Rests Her

"I left my husband's death notice here this morning," said the widow. "Yes," said the bright clerk in the publication office of The Daily Sub. "Now," continued the widow, "I want to add to the notice, 'Gone to Rest' in an appropriate place."

"Yes, madam," replied the bright clerk and the next morning she read: "Gone to rest in an appropriate place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not the Proper Classification.

She—One appreciates a thing more if he has to toil and struggle for it instead of having it drop in his lap; don't you think so?

He—Yes, I suppose so. But then you know it isn't exactly the proper way to refer to a girl as a thing.—Chicago Evening News.

Wouldn't Be Obstinate.

"We've come to tell you, partner," announced the spokesman of the vigilance committee, "that every cuss in town 'peep' his yourself has agreed that it's time for yer ter light out."

"If that's the case, gents," replied the facetious bad man, "I'll move ter make it unanimous."—Phila. Record.

The Better Way.

"I would lay down my life for you!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Wouldn't it be better if you would lay up something for me?" she asked. For she was a practical girl and expected to get married some day.—Philadelphia Record.

The manager of the phosphate mine was a Scotchman. At first he was obdurate, and desired us to leave the ground, and to drop the specimens we had taken. At last I addressed him in good Scotch, and asked him whether he thought I was a mining adventurer.

"Ay, that's just what ye are?"

"No," I replied: "I am a Scotch professor."

"Then, if ye are, ye'll be havin' a name."

"Man," said my Scotch friend, "are ye John Playfair?"

I assured him I was, but expressed surprise that he knew my name, to which he replied, looking from his six feet two inches with compassion on my five feet four inches:

"Hoo, mon, yer name's traveled further than yer wee legs will ever carry ye!"

A visitor at a Columbia, Missouri, school, the other day asked one of the lower grade classes this question: "What is the axis of the earth?" "An imaginary line passing from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," proudly answered a pupil.

"Yes," said the examiner, well pleased, "and could you hang a bonnet on it?" "Yes, sir." "Indeed! And that kind of a bonnet?" "An imaginary bonnet, sir." The visitor asked no more questions that day.

Japan does not approve of woman journalists. At least that is the sentiment expressed by the Japanese Parliament, which has passed a new press law prohibiting women from becoming editors and publishers. The reason given for this action is that "the discharge of such work by females is neither becoming nor desirable."

Literary Corner.

Theory and Practice of Taxation. David Ames Wells, LL.D., LL.C., LL.M., has brought out through D. Appleton & Company a valuable work on taxation under the above title. Mr. Wells' standing as a writer on economic subjects is too well known to require comment, and another book from his pen has been welcomed by the world of thinking men. Although Mr. Wells passed away before this book was published or entirely completed, the work may be considered his own, as few changes were made in his matter, and the last chapters, which were carried out by another hand, were carefully outlined by him before his death. For many years Mr. Wells had in contemplation a work on taxation, which should contain the record of his own experience in practical contact with state and national tax systems, and the present book is the outcome of long and careful preparation.

The topics considered are: Recent tax experiences of the federal government, taxation in literature and history, Greece and Rome, taxation in the middle ages, taxation in France and Mexico, Egypt and Brazil, British India and Switzerland; definition, object and sphere of taxation, relation of taxation to the state, function of the instruments of taxation; the sphere of taxation peculiar to the federal government of the United States; rules or maxims, nomenclature and forms of taxation, the existing methods of taxation, double taxation, what is property? taxation of choses in action, the case of Kirtland vs. Hotchkiss, theory and practice of income taxation, what should be taxed and how it should be taxed, the law of the diffusion of taxes, the best methods of taxation.

Theory and Practice of Taxation should be in the library of every man interested, not only in political economy in the abstract, but in the practical administration of municipal, state or federal government. Such a work in the hands of every citizen would be invaluable but it would result in better government. It will be adopted as an authority on the subject with which it deals. [D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.]

Stories of Great Astronomers.

Under the title of Stories of the Great Astronomers, D. Appleton & Company have brought out a valuable elementary work on astronomy, suitable for young readers. The author, Edward S. Holden, B.S., LL.D., here affects a smooth, easy style of writing, particularly adapted to youth. But it is not to youth only that the work is of value. The adult cannot fail to be interested in Dr. Holden's clever exposition of the elementary facts of astronomy, which is admittedly the most fascinating of the sciences.

The book opens with a chapter on The Greek Astronomers and Philosophers and conducts the reader through the progress of the centuries, from the time of the early scientific discoveries down to the wonderful development of science of the present day. The author is a thorough master of his subject, and besides has the much rarer quality of ability to impart his own knowledge to the reader.

The Great Astronomers is one of Appleton's Home Reading Series, and like the others of this series is finely printed and copiously illustrated with portraits, diagrams and photographs. The value of this series for home reading or for supplementary use in the schools can hardly be overestimated. As the editor well says in his introduction, "The new scientific book is different from the old. The old style book of science gave dead results where the new one gives not only the results, but a minute account of the method employed in reaching those results. An insight into the method employed in discovery trains the reader into a naturalist, an historian, a sociologist." [D. Appleton & Company \$1.75]

The Rudder.


Yachtsmen will welcome the big March issue of the only yachting magazine, The Rudder. It is a profusely illustrated edition, containing articles, designs and pictures of great interest to those who sail the sea for pleasure. The lead-off is a finely pictured description of the famous Steam Yacht Idalia, followed by a well-told story of peril safely overcome under the heading of Blown off Shore. A set of seven splendid full-page pictures of the Model Room of the New York Yacht Club will interest those who have never seen that famous apartment. Among the other articles is a story of the Southern Yacht Club, a Cruise in Australian Waters, a full account of the Crack Privateer of the 1812 war, etc. There are many plans of schooners, knockabouts and cruisers, and the full building plans of a one decker for Sydney, N. S. W. The five supplements, one in colors, are excellent pictures of ships, yachts and men-of-war. A powerful and graphic poem called Bristol Jack adds to the magazine's attractiveness. The price is 50 cents.

A New Patriotic Ballad.

In the "Blue and the Gray," a new ballad by Paul Dresser, who is rightfully called the Stephen C. Foster of the period, we have a song that without a doubt is the best of this successful writer's career, telling in its story of a mother whose three sons had given up their lives for their country's cause. One a Northern soldier of the Blue, and the others in the Confederate cause and were the Gray. We have no hesitancy in saying that this new song of Mr. Dresser's will be heard throughout the length and breadth of this broad land. For many weeks have passed the "Blue and the Gray" and its tune of march melody will be sung and whistled everywhere. Published by Howley, Haviland & Co., New York and Chicago.

Memories of Dwight L. Moody.

It was the wish of the late Mr. Moody that his biography should be written by his son. Mr. W. R. Moody, who has in his possession all of his father's papers and is preparing a very complete life of the great preacher, has consented to



WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.
Established 1870.
DORCHESTER, MASS.

write especially for the Saturday Evening Post a series of anecdotal papers on his father's life and work, profusely illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs. The first of these papers, entitled Moody as Boy and Business Man, will appear in the April 7 number of the Saturday Evening Post.

China Methods.

Nowhere else are the principles of sound banking better known and understood or so universally practiced, while the word of a Chinese merchant is accepted the world around. The Chinese were the first to coin money and they have long since solved the problem of bank note issues. Business conditions are stable and values set. Their internal commerce is highly developed and all products that can stand their slow methods of transportation are well distributed.

Yet this, the greatest country in the world, without any of the modern means of transportation and exchange. Its immense traffic is still huddled in the most primitive manner—strings of camels that reach from the city gate to the horizon carry the tons of coal for the people's fuel. Pack mules from western provinces laden with dried fruits, silks and rugs, return with salt fish and sea weeds. Heavy carts groan beneath stacks of fragrant wines. Townboats are dragged along the canals and rivers by dozens of straining men.

The traveling merchant may make his trip by cart, boat or sedan chair, if the weather be mild, but if it be winter, the mule litter will carry him over the roughest country, or he may sail along the waterways on a light sled propelled by human arms and legs.—Leslie's Weekly.

An Army Execution.

At the army station at Willett's Point, L. I., recently, the oldest member of his branch of the service was executed by order of the War Department. For thirty-three years he had served his country faithfully. For three years of that time he worked underground in the great tunnel under Hell Gate. Two years ago his old muscles got stiff and his old bones began to crack when he walked around. Then an ungrateful republic put him on half rations. His hair, once a glossy brown, was fast turning white. His voice, once clear as a clarion, became cracked. For two years he ate his half rations without complaining. Then one day the order came from Washington for his execution. A paternal government, it was said, was tired of seeing his name on the army pay-rolls. A corporal's guard was told off to carry out the orders of the department. He was marched out into the centre of the parade ground. But because he had served so long in the army his eyes were not blinded. He was allowed to look his executioners and the sun squarely in the face. Then the volley was fired.

"Jack," the oldest mule in the army, was mustered out.—Chicago Tribune.

Short on Legs.

The volunteer in the Philippines wrote home to the old man as follows: "Father, I need fifty dollars immediately. Lost another leg in battle yesterday." And this was the reply he received from the old man: "Jump! As this is the fourth leg you've lost—according to your letters—you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and wobble along on any other legs you may have left. That's all I can say to you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A New One.

"How did you answer that last dum from the tailor—you know he threatened to sue?"

"Why, I wrote him like this: 'Mr. Uppenheimer, Dear Sir: I am accustomed to pay my bills alphabetically, and yours will receive consideration when I get to U.'"—The Bohemian.

Changed Conditions.

Father—"That man should be an example to you, my son. He entered a store as office boy and worked himself up until in a few years he owned the business."

Son—"He could never do that in these days, pa, when they have cash registers."—Judge.

One of the greatest sorrows of famous personages is that it is impossible to live up to the ideal opinion which the people whom they meet in the ordinary affairs of life have formed of them, says Tit-Bits. It is recorded that a certain literary man of high reputation had occasion to remark to a waiter in a restaurant where he sometimes lunched: "Walter, this beefsteak is very tough."

The waiter looked at him with a sorrowful expression and sighed deeply. "Perhaps you will tell me," said the literary man, "why you sigh in that fashion?" "Ah, sir," said the waiter, "I took you for a man who always said original things, and here you come and say the same thing that all the rest of them do."

"Ordinarily," said Colonel Sillwell, "I object to the commandment. I regard it as a primitive form of humor. I also resent these constant jibes at the state of Kentucky. They represent both deficiency of taste and poverty of resources. But just to show," he continued deliberately, "that I am a broad-minded man who can accept a joke amiably I will ask you a question: What is the difference between the state of Massachusetts and Kentucky?" "Give it up, colonel," Massachusetts produces boots and shoes, and Kentucky produces shoots and bows.—Washington Star.

Women's Dep't.

The First Remonstrant.

Mrs. Helen Adelaide Shaw gave at the recent National Suffrage Convention a delightful address, entitled "A Review of the Remonstrant." In the course of it she made public for the first time an interesting story of the first woman remonstrant in Massachusetts, thus:

"I came into possession, recently, of a bit of secret history—Remonstrant history. You know it is claimed that there is no such thing as a woman at the bottom of all mischief—*cherchez la femme*, they say."

"But it might be said that at the bottom of the Remonstrant mischief (in Massachusetts at least) there is a man, or men, rather. Perhaps you had better *cherchez* the man. In the rest of the Remonstrant States. It seems that, years and years ago, before most of us ever dreamed such a thing was afoot, these gentlemen had sought long and ardently for some bright woman opposed to equal suffrage who would appear in remonstrance at the hearings, but in vain. They had difficulties. In the first place, of course, no very bright woman is a remonstrant; and in the next place, such as they were, these gentlemen could not induce them to remonstrate in public. At last, however, they came across a charming and spirited lady who had the courage of her convictions. And lately I came across her, too, and she told me this story:

"She consented to speak, and she wended her way to the State House—the very first woman in Massachusetts, as she believes, who ever entered beneath the gilded dome to remonstrate against equal suffrage. But she never spoke. She did not remonstrate. And this is how it was in her own words:

"I went up there," she said, "fulfilling my duty. I had prepared a half-hour address, and I was just longing to show these masculine creatures who wanted to vote how ashamed I was of them."

"I wanted to tell that committee how all true ladies blushed at such unwomanly proceedings."

"But the first sound that met me upon entering the room was the very sweetest voice that ever fell upon my ears, entering such words of wisdom, gentleness, and justice as I had never heard in all my life before."

"It was the voice of Lucy Stone. She opened a new world to me. And as I listened to her and all these noble women who spoke after her, I was carried out of myself."

"I forgot why I had come, and I sat there, like a child, drinking in great thoughts, new ideas, never before presented to my mind."

"Well, just when I was at the very top notch of this uplifted mood, suddenly I heard before me the voices of those gentlemen who had brought me there. 'Come, Mrs. H.," they said; "we shall wait you very soon. Are you ready to speak now?"

"Speak?" I cried. "No, I'm not ready to speak, unless you want me to tell them that I am converted. I am a suffragist. And, oh, how am I ever going to thank you for bringing me to hear these glorious women!"

"The organizers of a remonstrance started at each other for a moment in blank dismay—then, with one accord, they dropped into the nearest seats, perfectly limp with the shock. It was years before they ever ventured to repeat that experiment."

"Now, this story, never before published, is a true story of the first remonstrant. I present it to the convention with this cheerful prophecy: 'And the last shall be as the first.'"

The College Woman.

With educational freedom partially won has come general interest among collegiate and non-collegiate women in furthering the movement. Large gifts have been bestowed for scholarships and for colleges, both co-educational and separate. When Mary Lyon went up and down the Connecticut Valley in 1839 trying to raise a few thousand dollars to open Holyoke, she had many contributions of fifty cents. When Colorado College was projected, many years later, "J. H." drove over the country soliciting subscriptions. A ranchman's wife, who had no money, gave her four pounds of butter, fresh from the churning. It was sold at a fair for the benefit of the college, netting \$180. Such sacrifices and efforts were made on the part of women for higher education. Within the last thirty-four years women have given \$4,446,400 to the cause of education. Mrs. Stanford's and Mrs. Hearst's munificent benefactions, and other lesser ones, swell the amount to more than fifty millions.

As a result of the struggle for educational freedom, we have \$5,782 women in the colleges of the country.

Educational freedom without political freedom is but partial. Minerva sprang fully armed from the head of Jove. Not only had she wisdom, but she had the spear and the helmet in her hands—every weapon of offense and defense to equip her for the world's conquest. Standing on the threshold of the new century, we see the woman of the future thus armed. We see the fully educated woman, possessed of a true knowledge of the fundamental truths of government. We see her conscious of her responsibilities as a citizen, and doing her part in the making of laws and in the fulfillment of the ideal of democracy. So shall educational freedom lead to political freedom.

HARRIET MAY MILLS.

Pay of Women Teachers.

As a class the women teachers are underpaid. In my own city (Syracuse, N. Y.), they recently asked for an increase in the maximum salary from \$550 to \$650. At the same time each janitor was given \$100 more salary than before, and the clerk of the board \$300 more. Women are beginning to see that political rights receive small consideration from political entities.

HARRIET MAY MILLS.

They heard a noise in the kitchen and crept down. He carried a pistol and she a curtain pole. Then they discovered the cause of the noise. Did you see that rat jump out of the oven? she gasped, holding her skirts; "why didn't you shoot him?" "Because he was just out of my range," he chuckled.—Chicago News.

Visitor (looking at portraits)—What a lot of ancestors you've got! Porkchops—That's dead right! I didn't want so many, but Sam she insisted.—Brooklyn Life.

Beats the Record.

Beats the Record. Charles H. Fletcher.

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